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# OH, MY FEET!



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**S. LUBIN**

MANUFACTURER OF

Life Motion  
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Picture Machines,  
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Lubin Building, 926-928 Market St.  
PHILADELPHIA, PA., U. S. A.

1000 4-08

NO. 50

# OH, MY FEET!

LENGTH, 660 FEET.

It only lacks a few minutes of the time appointed for a young man to be at the home of his fiancée. He is all dressed, but having hurriedly bought a pair of shoes, finds them too small by several sizes and his corns are "killing him," and he distractedly cuts them with a razor. To add to his troubles, two friends come in and instead of assisting him, clumsily tramp all over his feet. They leave and he starts out, but meets another friend who suggests a remedy usually kept in a saloon, and once inside he finds it more comfortable to pull a chair up to the bar and rest his feet on the foot rail and such impropriety the waiter resents by kicking away the chair from under him.



Arriving at the house where he is expected and tottering from pain, his fiancée meets him and smelling whiskey, instantly concludes he is intoxicated and leaves him angrily. To obtain relief he cuts the offending shoes with a knife and holds them in his hand when two young ladies enter and they like wise feel insulted. During the dance his fiancée will enter and smelling his breath he furiously orders him out.



On the front steps he throws his shoes in the gutter, hails a cab and drives home. His sweetheart discovers the shoes in front of the house and follows him home where he is now complacently sitting with his feet in a basin. She understands. He understands. They understand.

# BEG PARDON!

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LENGTH, 280 FEET

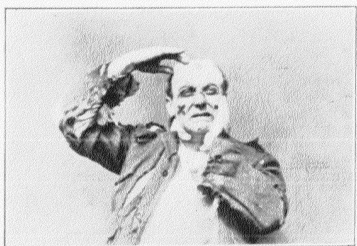
Mr. Brown is a very awkward but at the same time a very polite gentleman.

While in a ball-room he dances mostly on the feet of the ladies, but "Begs Pardon" and leaves the ball in great consternation.

While going home he meets with many accidents.

He runs over a policeman, throws down a Chinese laundryman, and gets into all kinds of trouble. He politely "Begs Pardon" every time, but is chased by the infuriated sufferers.

He falls down an open cellar-door, strikes a barrel of powder and comes up again in a most pitiable condition. In his politeness he even says "Beg Pardon" to the powder barrel, and no doubt has been forgiven.



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